

## FOR A WORTHY CAUSE

BY JAMES KILROY.

"Well, old man, what are you doing here?" exclaimed Simpkins as he sat down beside Brander at a table in the corner of the restaurant.

Brander took a savage bite out of a buttered roll before he answered shortly: "Watching the waiters play; tiddledowns with the dishes. What did you suppose I came here for—to hulk out?"

"Don't be so smart," begged Simpkins. "From the way you've been bragging about the place where you board, and making your mouth water over what you say you get to eat there, nobody would ever suppose you'd come back to this fix for a nickel joint."

The other young man shuddered as he poked at the fried potatoes before him. "When I think of the tissue paper china, the honest and truly coffee, the succulent vegetables, the sure enough butter we get there—"

A sigh finished the sentence.

"What happened?" inquired his friend, sympathetically. "Old lady die?"

"Nope." Brander shook his head. "Well, went on my shoulder," suggested Simpkins. "Tell me all about it. What drove you from your happy home?"

"Bazzars!" grunted Brander. "Indeed? If so, why?"

"Since you must know, my old lady, as you call the best cook that ever was, belongs to the United Order of Purple Pinks."

"What's that?"

"Oh, a sort of charitable organization and sorority mixed. They're holding a bazaar this week, to get money for a statue of the founder to put in a niche that happens to be in their meeting hall. Any money that's left goes to the heathen Chinese or something."

"But where do you come in, or rather get out?"

Brander snorted. "Can a woman be at a bazaar all day and night and find time to cook for folks at home? A whole month now we've had that bazaar served to us at meals. Besides that, contributions are constantly levied. I got off easy by giving a check, but the girls at the house have had to make articles till we could hardly wade through the heaps of blue wool dolls, pale pink tie racks, green aprons and yellow piano scarfs piled up in the parlor. Embroidery silks appeared in the salads and needles in the bread."

"Worst of all, no one talked of anything but the heavenly statue and how stingy people are when it comes down to real charity. And I don't know how many 'chances' I've bought on things I don't want to see, even if they did show 'em to me. Then we were told to get our supper elsewhere this week, because our landlady felt that they needed her to conduct the bazaar. We were told to sacrifice ourselves for the good of the cause; nay, more, that supper is being served by the United Sisters. But excuse me."

"Twenty-five cents admission, 55 for supper, 50 for a posy in your buttonhole and a dollar to get out!" chanted Simpkins.

After nervously fumbling in his pockets, Brander said: "Here are a lot of tickets you can have. Take your girl to the bazaar. It's real pretty."

But Simpkins shied. "What do you take me for—a millionaire? I'd never get out alive."

"Think of the noble cause," entreated Brander. "Think of the good you can do."

"I'm sorry," apologized Simpkins. "But this is my busy week. Every evening is filled."

"The man that hath not charity in his soul," misquoted Brander, scornfully. "You don't have to buy anything. Just go and look on."

"Take your own girl," retorted Simpkins.

"I did. I bought her the tie holder that she's going to give me for Christmas."

"Poor old Brander!" said Simpkins. "Well, never mind. You'll soon have peace. It can't last forever."

"What can't the holder or the bazaar? But neither can I," Brander sighed again.

Rabbit Developed a New Nail.

About forty-five years ago three pairs of enterprising rabbits were introduced into Australia. Today the increase of these six immigrants may be counted by millions. They became a pest to the country. Fortunes have been spent to exterminate them. Wire fences many feet high and thousands of miles long have been built to keep out the invaders.

The rabbits had to fight awful odds to live, but they have now outwitted man. They have developed a new nail—a long nail by which they can retain their hold on the fence while climbing. With this same nail they can burrow six or eight inches under the netting and thus enter the fields that mean food and life to them. They are now laughing at man. Reserve power has vitalized for these rabbits latent possibilities, because they did not tamely accept their condition, but in their struggle to live learned how to live.—Animals' Friend.

King Adds to County Estate.

King George has purchased, for \$60,000, Shornstone hall farm, close to Sandringham. The farm was bequeathed to Emanuel college, Cambridge, many years ago. An interesting clause in the agreement between the college and the tenant is that the tenant should supply six fat turkeys yearly to the college.

## CHILDREN ARE REAL POETS

Descriptions of Ordinary Things Show Imaginative Fancy That Does Not Survive the Years.

Children are born with a taste for knowledge. They want to know, and they want to know the right things. They ask questions, and are not easily satisfied. They are fond of imitating what they see around them. They are highly imaginative. They clothe their ideas in concrete forms. There was a time when they were regarded as immature adults; we have learned that the main aim of a teacher must be to give the right tone to the feelings—goodness in the abstract is of little avail; the imagination must be stirred.

We are accustomed to believe that there is little reflection on the part of children and yet one cannot but see now and again gleams of thought which suggest a hidden mental power working almost unconsciously. The little girl who "gathered sunlight in her hands and put it on her face" knew something of the effects of heat. And how full of humor are some of the sayings of children. It was Punch, we believe, who depicted Tommy, after he had been severely corrected, as exclaiming: "I fink I'll go back to heaven, where I came from." And what a fund of suggestion was conveyed by the little girl who, on hearing a running tap, said that "The Water was coughing!"

The poetry of life is frequently seen in childhood. We have this illustrated in the description of butterflies as "panies flying." "A star is a cinder from God's great star" has a wealth of unconscious meaning. But perhaps the finest approach to poetry was made by a tiny tot who defined dew as "the grass crying." Oh, auntie!" said the little girl. "I've just seen a pencil walking." The nurse, who had grown out of fairyland, explained that it was only an ordinary worm.

## MUSEUM OF RECORD OFFICE

Doomsday Book Is Chief Treasure of Place Which Attracts Many American Visitors.

The little museum which forms part of the record office in Chancery lane is a British institution better known to Americans than to the thousands of Londoners who daily pass its doors.

Of course, the most treasured of the museum's exhibits is the Doomsday book, but hardly less interesting are the gunpowder plot papers, the Well's ton papers, the log of the Victory, the last letter which Nelson wrote with his right hand and the first he scribbled with his left hand after losing the right one, the treaty of peace—strongly reminiscent of the Field of the Cloth of Gold—between Henry VIII and Francis I, illuminated books worth a monarch's ransom and royal charters galore.

All these things, however, do not seem to interest the Londoner, and seldom will one find more than a dozen people in the museum and of these the majority will not be Britishers.

"This museum," said an official, "is better known to Americans than it is to Englishmen. Americans are not only interested in the Doomsday book, royal charters and exchequer records, but naturally in things pertaining to their own country."

They like to see William Penn's signature appended to a petition to King James II, praying that the difference between Lord Baltimore and himself may soon be heard by the lords of the plantations, the delay being very ruinous; that of George Washington to a letter to his "great and good friend" King George III, concerning the exchange of ratification of a treaty of amity, commerce and navigation concluded in November, 1794, as well as the signatures of John Adams, Stephen Hopkins, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson on various documents.—Pall Mall Gazette.

## One Can Write in the Dark.

A novelty is a penholder permitting one to write in the dark, since it is provided with an electric light. The tube through which the point of the pencil goes is fitted with a small accumulator and an electric lamp. The latter throws a disk of light over the point where the writing is being done. This luminous pencil has been invented for the use of doctors, reporters, detectives, etc., whose work necessitates the taking of notes in the street and in darkness.—Harper's Weekly.

## Secret of Happiness.

Most of us begin well. When we are quite young, we are full of faith. We believe in others, and we also believe in our own powers of overcoming faults and failings.

We set out full of the zest of life—no hill is too high to climb, no point too lofty to reach. But later most of us get discouraged. We find that our friends are not so noble as we thought them, that it is much harder to root out our faults and failings than we imagined, and perhaps in time to take up the foolish, soul-destroying idea that so long as we are "no worse than other people" it is all right.

Let us try to keep the high ideals that we learned at our mother's knee, to still keep our faith in human nature, no matter how often we may be disappointed. Let us still strive for perfection and resolve to do our best again and again, no matter how often we may fail. For only by doing this can we keep our hearts young, however old we may live to be, and only so can we be our best and do our best.

## HER UNINVITED GUEST

By WILLIAM BURTON.

Always when she dreamed her favorite dream—that of some day living in an apartment of her own—she occupied her fancy more with the spare room than with any other.

This was curious, inasmuch as she was a woman not much inclined to sociability, being fond of her own society. So why in fancy she should always be furnishing that spare chamber, laying the gray rug on its floor, hanging the dimity curtains and smoothing the Marseilles spread, she herself could not explain.

She even arranged the books in the little white case, books calculated to put a guest in good humor with himself, books which would bring about that peaceful state of mind conducive to sleep. She would have no exciting novels, no passionate poems, no sociological firebrands in her guest chamber. There should be such volumes as "The Measure of the Hours," "Society and Solitude," "Sesame and Lilies." These would become the shelves and gratify a guest even if he never got beyond the titles.

So when by a generous increase in her salary the apartment was made possible she took one with five rooms instead of four, because, as she told the agent, she "must have a spare room."

The rooms of reality are never as well furnished as are those in the houses of our imagination. Still, her guest chamber was a marvel of whiteness and daintiness. There was a lovely gray hand woven flower bordered rug on the floor and a French striped paper with a pattern of tiny rosebuds on the wall. The woodwork was white, and so were the little iron bed and the enameled dresser and the stiff chair. There was another chair, a rocker, covered with cretonne of much the same pattern as the paper, and it stood close to a low wicker table, on which was placed a small rain-bow glass vase, an Indian basket and a few books.

The covers of the books were of the same colors as those in the wall paper—pink, to match the buds, or green, to match the buds' leaves—and they looked like the kind of books one is proud to buy, but never has time to read. But "The Measure of the Hours," "Society and Solitude" and "Sesame and Lilies" stood up fresh and inviting.

It was a conventional room, but it had cost much thought and self-denial to procure it. And it was ten times more costly than her own.

But where was the guest? After three months of residence in her new home she had never turned down the Marseilles spread nor put flowers in the rainbow glass vase, nor brought out the guest towel that she herself had embroidered. Of course, all sorts of imaginary persons had occupied the room and had expressed themselves as having slept the sleep of the just and of infancy, and of having felt a strong desire never to be obliged to emerge from the rose colored comforter and the Marseilles spread that covered it.

Sometimes the guest was a cousin whom she had known in her childhood and who had gone through Harvard and was now practicing law in Boston; the rose comforter and the "Sesame and Lilies" would be none too fine for him. Then again it was an old friend of her father's, an aristocratic woman, who had visited them in the days of their prosperity, and who, being literary in her tastes, would be sure to appreciate the quality of the quilt and to pounce upon the "Sesame and Lilies."

One day, a minute after she had closed the door on the grocer's shabby boy, who had consented to deliver her groceries after she had returned home at night, she heard a crash on the back porch and the sound of some one falling. She opened the door quickly and turned the electric light upon the white face of the boy who but a moment before had been explaining to her why he had brought white cornmeal instead of the yellow she had ordered. Now his face was as white as the meal and he looked as if he would never again deliver groceries.

He was only a mite of a boy and she had little difficulty in getting him into the guest chamber and on top of the Marseilles spread, where he remained until the arrival of a strange doctor, who ordered that he be placed under this prized coverlet and that he remain there until able to be removed to his home. That was not until the end of the second week.

Those two weeks she declared to be the happiest of her life, though the guest who occupied her spare chamber showed no interest either in books or bouquets. After he had gone she used to love to sit alone in the little rocker, staring meditatively at the backs of the books and at the roses on the wall.

But this is not all of the story. She married the doctor and turned her back forever on the little room that never knew the presence of an invited guest. Yet she says that the spare chamber more than fulfilled its purpose—it brought into her life a guest who remained.

Inconsistent. "It is odd that sailors and soldiers are so fickle in their love affairs."

"Why is it odd?" "Because theirs are naturally cases of uniform affection."

Classifying It. "Did you hear what the English visitor to the zoo said about the flash among the animals?"

"No, what was it?"

"That it was a beauty row."

## END OF WONDERFUL GUN

Did Its Duty to the Finish But the Strain Was More Than It Could Bear and Survive.

Not long ago an ex-governor of Michigan, a Cleveland capitalist, and several friends were in the big woods near Turtle Lake, guided by Sam Sampson, a famous hunter and trapper. Sam possesses a gun with a barrel five feet long, but once, according to his story, he had a still longer one.

"It was a wonderful gun," he said to the ex-governor. "I could kill a bar as fur off as I could see 'im, an' that gun was as knowing as a man. If it hadn't been fur that, it would never ha' busted!"

"How did you break it?" asked one of the hunters.

"I strained it t' death," said the old guide soberly. "I was out hunting one day when I seen a buck and seven does a-standin' close onto me. I pulled up old Beetle—that's what I called th' gun—and was jest goin' t' let go when I heard an awful funny noise over my head."

"I looked up 'n' there was more'n ten million wild geese a-fallin' over me. There I was in a predicament. I wanted th' geese 'n' I wanted the deer."

"At last I aimed at th' geese an' let silver. Beetle must ha' knowed I wanted both, fur that was th' end of the old gun. The strain on her was too much, an' both barrels busted."

"Th' shot in one of 'em killed the buck, th' shot in th' other killed ten geese, and when Beetle died she cicked so hard I was knocked into a rick. But when I come out my bootlegs was full o' fish. I ain't never seen another sech gun as Beetle."—Lippincott's Magazine.

## HAVE LIFE ONLY IN FABLES

Well-Known but Never Seen Animals—Among Them the Phoenix Dragon and Unicorn.

There are some mythological monsters which all of us have heard of, but none of us have ever seen. Who, for instance, has ever set eyes on a Phoenix, that remarkable bird, mentioned even by church writers, which renews its youth in the fire? And yet there are few birds whose names are more widely known.

In spite of fairy tales and Chinese armorial bearings where is the museum that contains even a bone, let alone a skeleton of a dragon? As a matter of fact, did snakes ever fly?

Equally fanciful is the unicorn. More ought to be known about this good and gentle animal. In particular he is susceptible to female charms, a fact that was taken advantage of by hunters, who, according to the story books, used a beautiful maiden as a decoy to enable them to capture the unicorn. The chief prize about the unicorn was not the brush, as in the case of the fox, but the horn. This was considered the finest antidote to poison, and so strong was this belief that almost up to the time of the French Revolution all food served at the royal table in France was touched with a piece of what was supposed to be the horn of a unicorn. Even in China legends about the unicorn prevail. There it is described as so gentle that it would not walk on growing grass or tread on the smallest insect. Unicorn, it may be added, were the supporters of the arms of the old kings of Scotland, and for that reason the unicorn is represented today in the British armorial bearings.

## HE DIDN'T THINK IT SUDDEN

Little Point Upon Which George and His Prospective Father-in-Law Held Different Opinions.

"Miss Crupington—Sybil—I love you," he said.

"Oh, George," she sighed, "this is so sudden! Speak to father, will you, dear? He'll be in soon."

And ten minutes later the nervous young man was facing his adored one's father.

"I love your daughter, sir," he commenced.

"Rather sudden, ain't it?" interrupted the old man, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Love refuses to be checked by time, sir," declared the youth. "It was sudden, I admit."

"Then the old man laughed. "Take her, boy; take her," he said. "You ain't a bad sort of a chap at all, George; but you ain't over swift, and that's a fact. For six months you made sheep's eyes at the girl without speakin'; for another eight you sent 'er enough flowers to stock Covent Garden; and this last year you've been round 'er every night squeezin' 'ands, sighin' like a steam siren and sittin' with the gas out. Sudden! Good 'eavens, George! You'll be takin' a 'earse 'orse for the Derby winner next!"—London Tit-Bits.

Long Lives. Cats have nine lives, they say. The cats don't say it, of course; people do. As a matter of fact a cat lives to be about fifteen years old, if it is well taken care of, and a dog's life is of about the same length. Horses live to be thirty or more years of age. A lion may see seventy years pass by; an elephant can often count his years by hundreds, if he is an educated elephant; and it is said that whales live close to 1,000 when they keep out of the way of harpoons. Turtles are also long lived creatures, the more so, it seems, the larger they are.

## NOTICE TO STEAM CONTRACTORS

Bids for remodeling the heating plant at the Woodruff school building will be received by the board of education of Logan City, up to 7 p.m. August 14, 1913. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of K. C. Schaub, architect, Logan, Utah. Bids must be accompanied by a certified check of 10 per cent of

the amount of the bid. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. STEPHEN HAILSTONE, GEORGE THOMAS, ALFRED COLE, Committee on Buildings and Grounds—Advertisement.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for organic diseases. Burdock's Blood Bitters purifies the blood—cures the case—builds you up.—Advertisement.



# AT HARVEST TIME

## PUT SOME MONEY IN OUR BANK

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WHEN the crops are in, and the profits of the farm can be counted in money, the time to start a bank account is ripe; by doing so you may conduct your farm as every good business is conducted.

# First National Bank

## LOGAN, UTAH.

Capital, \$100,000.00; Surplus, \$17,000.00; Deposits, \$525,000.00  
President, THOMAS SMART, Cashier, ALLAN M. FLEMING  
Vice Pres. JOHN H. ANDERSON, Asst. Cashier H. E. CROCKETT

## ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS

Following is the New Mail Schedule at Logan, Utah, Post Office on account of new time card of the Oregon Short Line, effective Sunday, June 15 1913

CLOSING OF MAILS  
East, West, North and South, .....7:30 a. m. 2:10 p. m.  
Preston Branch, north, .....10:40 a. m. 7:15 p. m.  
Branch Loop south, Hyrum, Wellsville, etc., .....2:10 p. m.  
Providence and Milville, via R. F. D., .....9:30 a. m.  
Benson and King, (except Sunday) .....9:30 a. m.  
R. F. D. 1 College Ward, (except Sunday) .....9:30 a. m.  
R. F. D. 2, North Logan (except Sunday) .....9:30 a. m.

ARRIVAL OF MAILS  
East, West North and South, .....11:40 a. m. 8:00 p. m.  
Preston Branch, .....8:20 a. m. 3:00 p. m.  
Branch Loop, Wellsville, Hyrum, etc., .....11:40 a. m.  
Providence and Milville, .....4:30 p. m.  
Benson and King (except Sunday) .....4:00 p. m.  
R. F. D. 1, College Ward .....4:30 p. m.  
R. F. D. 2 Greenville, North Logan, .....1:00 p. m.  
All windows at post office are closed on Sundays the entire day.  
General Delivery, Stamp, and Carrier windows open on holidays from 9 to 10 o'clock a. m.  
Only two dispatches are made on Sundays: Main Line, all points, 7:30 a. m.; Preston Branch, north, 7:15 p. m.

Very Respectfully,  
JOSEPH ODELL, Postmaster.

# Excursions East

## Via Union Pacific System

Very low round trip fares to Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, Chicago, Minneapolis and many other Points.

### Dates of Sale:

May 7, 8, 10, 17, 24, 31; June 3, 7, 13, 14, 21, 28; July 2, 5, 10, 19, 23, 31; August 1, 9, 10, 11, 16, 22, 28; September 10, 11.

### Limit:

October 31st, 1913.

See any OREGON SHORT LINE Agent For Further details

## "The Union Pacific System"

Reaches Omaha And Points East

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